The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Valentine's day, to the Eve of Peter's-Chair-Fast, February the 21st. 1698.

Clerken-Well-Green, Feb. 14.

TWO true Sons of *Bacchus*, who had been Drinking so hard all the last Night, that they were, by that god, Transform'd into Swine, this Morning Reeling home to their respective Sties, in their way, one of them remembering it was *Valentine*'s Day, tells his Companion, he would chalenge the first Female he saw for his *Valentine*, and that he would Kiss her tho she were a Lady. *You Kiss a Lady* (reply'd the other) *you have not confidence enough to Kiss a* Rag-picker; *and I'll hold you a Crown that you dare not do as you have said.* The Wager (ales the Fools Arbitrator) was no sooner laid, but, under a Wall, they spi'd a great Sow, greedily devouring the Excrement that was just dropt, among many more, from the Fun of one of the Divels Meal-men, commonly call'd a Chimney-Sweeper. *This is your Valentine* Tom, says one, *and you must Kiss her or loose a Crown. Hang't, 'tis but a Frolick*, says the other, *and rather than I'll loose my Money I will Kiss her:* So staggering towards the Sow, he accosted her with, *A good Morning to you Valentine*; but she being desturb'd at her Breakfast, only gave him a scornful Grunt or two, and was making off, but he hastily persuing, caut fast hold on her Taile, which so afrighted the modest Sow, that she gave a sudden Jerk to get from him, and with it dragg'd the poor Sot through the remaining part of her Banquet; and so left the *Waxen-Thumbs* in a lamentable Shitten Pickle.

London, Feb. 15. We are so taken up with our own affairs, that there is not a Word of Forreign News stirring; Men fall almost as fast as a Gamester in Moor-fields tips Ninepins, and (like them too) in their tumble they strike down one another; hereupon people reflect variously, according to the diversity of their interests: the Creditor bemoans his Losses, another bewails the uncertainty of worldly Enjoyments, the Usurer begins to question his Security, *&c.* While the Bankrupt is studying how to Lick himself whole, and hoping (like a Fractur'd Bone) to become the firmer for being *Broken*: however experience tells us that it is easier to make new Nets then mend old; And though some men *Break* out of Policy, and others out of Interest: If they will take *Old Lucian's*, Opinion, they had better never *Break* at all.

Fleet-street, Feb. 15. A man of carriage here, vulgarly called a Porter; who by profession (you know) is an impertinent kind of Fellow, that desires always to be employed in other folks business. Standing alone at a Corner in a clean Apron, with his hands in his pockets, one of the Archest waggs in the Parish having fill'd a large Bellarmine with the Brains of his Masters Posteriours, perswades the Porter (who had but little guts in his brains) that it was a pot of Hampshire Honey, and bids him carry it to one *Nicholas Numb*, a Solicitor of causes in *Logger-head-Lane*. The Fellow knew both the man and the place as well as the Begger knows his dish, so that trussing up the Cargo to his shoulders as close as a Bantling to the back of a travelling Gypsie, away he trudg'd, in Tom Fools errand, without fear or wit. He had not gone above a Spit and a stride, but he meets another arch Wag, and a confederate in the mischief, who taking an occasion to quarel with him upon a ground as sleeveless as his errand, and having a Months mind to a lick at his Honey-pot, gave him such a strappado over the shoulders with a sower Plant, that he broke his Pitcher all to pieces, which disgorged it's fury upon the underling so fiercely, that some Authors affirm it made him stink for fear, and so left him to his good luck in the pickle of a Bum-Bailiff, that has newly disembogu'd himself from an Inns-of-Court-Powdering-Tub, to be shouted at by the Apprentices, and to seek his remedy where he could find it.

Billingsgate, Feb. 16. Notwithstanding the late dreadful Disasters in the River, an honest *Barge-Man*'s Courageous Wife made a *Sail* of her own *Smock*, and in less than half an Hours time Landed her Husband at Cuckold's Point.

York, Feb. 17. By Letters lately arriv'd from thence, we have receiv'd Intelligence of a great *Insurrection* by Night, Ten Thousand Men up in *Arms*; the *Arms* of their *Wives* or *Mistresses* I mean.

Westminster-Hall, Feb. 18. A Shopkeeper of this place, whome *Hymen* had blest with a handsome